front of her skirt.

he cried.

torn your skirt!"

knickerbockers.

torn!"

"My dear Clara," he cried, "you have

His daughter laughed and smoothed

out her frock. To his horror he saw the red plush of the chair where the dress ought to have been. "It is all

"My dear papa," said she, "what do

Then he saw that it was indeed so

arranged, and that his daughter was

clad in a sort of loose, extremely long

"It will be so convenient for my sea-

boots," she explained. Her father shook his head sadty.

"Your dear mother would not have liked it, Clara," said he.

For a moment the conspiracy was on

the point of collapsing. There was something in the gentleness of his re-

buke, and in his appeal to her mother,

which brought the tears to her eyes,

and in another instant she would have been kneeling beside him with every-

thing confessed, when the door flew

open and her sister Ida came bounding

into the room. She wore a short, grey

skirt, like that of Mrs. Westmacott, and

she held it up in each hand and danced about among the furniture.

"I feel quite the Galety girl," she cried, "How delicious it must be to be

upon the stage! You can't think how

nice this dress is, papa. One feels so free in it. And isn't Clara charming?"

"Go to your room this instant and take it off!" thundered the doctor. "I

call it highly improper, and no daugh-

ter of mine shall wear it."
"Papa! Improper! Why, it is the

exact model of Mrs. Westmacott's."
"I say it is improper. And yours also,
Clara! Your conduct is really outra-

geous. You drive me out of the house.

I am going to my club in town. I have

no comfort or peace of mind in my own

house. I will stand it no longer. I may

ish Medical meeting. But when I return I shall hope to find that you have

shaken yourself clear of the pernicious influences which have re-

cently made such an alteration in your

the dining-room door, and a few min-

utes later they heard the crash of the

big front gate. "Victory. Clara, victory!" cried Ida,

still pirouetting around the furniture. "Did you hear what he said? Pernicious

influences! Don't you understand, Clara? Why do you sit there so pale and glum? Why don't you get up and

"Oh, I shall be so glad when it is

over, Ida. I do hate to give him pain,

Surely he has learned now that it is very

unpleasant to spend's one's life with re-

Just one more little lesson. We must not risk all at this lust moment."

we have gone too far already.

What then?"

shirk this one.'

thing dreadful!"

times, Clara."

Have you?"

ture to know.

a fair provision.

all, is it, Clara?"

me to be so very indelicate."

'Not the slightest."

night.

"He has almost learned it. Clara.

"Oh, we can do it very nicely. You

see we are both engaged and that makes

it very easy. Harold will do what you

ask him, especially as you have told him the reason why, and my Charles

will do it without even wanting to know the reason. Now you know what Mrs. Westmacott thinks about the reserve of

young ladies. Mere prudery, affecta-

tion, and a relie of the dark ages of the

"Well, now we must put it in prac-

views to practice, and we must not

"But what would you do? Oh, don't look so wicked, Ida! You look like some

evil little fairy, with your golden hair

and dancing, mischevous eyes. I know that you are going to propose some-

"We must give a little supper to-

"We? A supper!"
"Why not? Young gentlemen give

"Why, Harold and Charles, of course."
"And the Admiral and Mrs. Hay Den-

"Oh, no. That would be very old-

"But what can we give them for sup-

"Oh, something with a nice, fast, rol-

licking, late-at-night flavor to it. Let

me see! Champagne, of course-and

oysters. Oysters will do. In the novels all the naughty people take champagne any oysters. Besides, they won't need

ey, Clara?"
"I have three pounds."
"And I have one. Four pounds, I have

no idea how much champagne costs.

"How many oysters does a man eat?"
"I can't imagine."

"I'll write and ask Charles. No. I

She has been a cook, and is

won't. I'll ask Jane. Ring for her,

Jane, on being cross-questioned, re-fused to commit herself beyond the

statement that it depended upon the

gentleman, and also upon the oysters. The united experience of the kitchen,

however, testified that three dozen was

"Then we shall have eight dozen altogether," said Ida, jotting down all her requirements upon a sheet of paper. "And two pints of champagne, And some brown bread and vinegar and

pepper. That's all, I think. It is not

so very difficult to give a supper after

"I don't like it, Ida. It sorms to

cooking. How is your pocket-mon-

fashioned. We must keep up with the

"But whom shall we invite?"

We are reducing all her other

dance?

onduct." He seized his hat, slammed

to-night-I shall go to the Brit-

you know about the mysteries of ladies' dress? This is a divided skirt."

"What have you

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. CHAPTER X.

WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.



ROM that day the Doctor's peace was Never was quiet and orderly household transformed so suddenly into a bear garden, or a happy man turned into such a completely miserable one. He had never realized be

fore how entirely his daughters had shielded him from all the friction of life. Now that they had not only ceased to protect him, but had themselves become a source of trouble to him, he began to understand how great the blessing was which he had enjoyed, and to sigh for the happy days before his girls had come under the influence of his neighbor.

"You don't look happy," Mrs. West-macett had remarked to him one morning, "You are pale and a little off color. You should come with me for a ten mile spin upon the tandem."

"I am troubled about my girls." They were walking up and dows in the gar-den. From time to time there sounded from the house behind them the long,

sad wail of a French horn.
"That is Ida," said he. "She has taken to practicing on that dreadful instrument in the intervals of her chem-And Clara is quite as bad. I de-

clare it is getting quite unendurable."
"Ah, Doctor, Doctor!" she cried, shaking her forefinger, with a gleam of her white teeth. "You must live up to you principles-you must give your daughters the same liberty as you advocate for other women

"Liberty, madam, certainly! But this approaches to license."

The same law for all, my friend She tapped him reprovingly on the arm with her sunshade. "When you were twenty your father did not, I presume object to your learning chemistry or playing a musical instrument. You would have thought it tyranny if he

"But there is such a sudden change in them both."

'Yes, I have noticed that they have been very enthusiastic lately in the cause of liberty. Of all my disciples I think that they promise to be the most devoted and consistent, which is the more natural since their father is one of our most trusted champions."

The Doctor gave a twitch of impatience. "I seem to have lost all author-ity," he cried.

"No, no, my dear friend. They are a little exuberant at having broken the trammels of custom. That is all."

"You cannot think what I have to put up with, madam. It has been a dreadful 'experience. Last night, after I had extinguished the candle in my bed-room, I placed my foot upon something smooth and hard, which scuttled from under me. Imagine my horror! I lit the gas, and came upon a

well-grown tortoise which Clara has

thought fit to introduce into the house

I call it a filthy custom to have such

Mrs. Westmacott dropped him a lit-tle courtesy. "Thank you, sir," said she. "That is a nice little side hit at

my poor Eliza.' "I give you my word that I had forgotten about her," cried the Doctor, flushing. "One such pet may no doubt be endured, but two are more than I can bear. Ida has a monkey which lives on the curtain rod. It is a most dreadful creature. It will remain absolutely motionless until it sees that you have forgotten its presence, and then it will suddenly bound from plcture to picture all round the walls, and end by swinging down on the beli-rope and jumping on to the top of your head. At breakfast it stole a posched egg and daubed it all over the door handle. Ida calls these outrages amusing

tricks. "Oh, all will come right," said the widow reassuringly.

"And Chara is as bad, Chara who used to be so good and sweet, the very image of her poor mother. She insists upon this preposterous scheme of being a pilot, and will talk of nothing but revolving lights and hidden rocks, and codes of signals, and nonsense of the

"But why preposterous?" asked his companion. "What nobler occupation can there be than that of stimulating commerce, and aiding the mariner to steer safely into port? I should think your daughter admirably adapted for such duties."

"Then I must beg to differ from you, mgdam."
Still, you are inconsistent."

Excuse me, madam, I do not see the natter in the same light. And I should be obliged to you if you would use your influence with my daughter to dissunde

"You wish me to be inconsistent, too.

"Then you refuse?"

"I am afraid that I cannot interfere." The Doctor was very angry. "Very well, madam," said he. "In that case I can only say that I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." He raised his broad straw hat and strode away up the gravel path, while the widow looked after him with twink-ling eyes. She was surprised herself to find that she liked the Doctor better the more masculine and aggressive he became. It was unreasonable and against all principle, and yet so it was and no argument could mend the mat-

Very het and very angry, the Doctor

But it is needed to clinch the matter. No, there is no drawing back now, Clara, or we shall ruin everything. Papa is sure to come back by the 9:45. He will reach the door at 10. We must have everything ready for him. Now, just sit down at once, and ask Harold to come at 9 o'clock, and I shall do the same to Charles."

The two invitations were dispatched, received and accepted. Harold was already a confidant, and he understood that this was some further develop-ment of the plot. As to Charles, he was so accustomed to feminine eccen-tricity, in the person of his aunt, that the only thing which could surprise him would be a rigid observance of etiquette. At 8 o'clock they entered the dining-hall of No. 2, to find the master of the house absent, a red-shaded lamp, a snowy cloth, a pleasant little feast, and the two whom they would have chosen, as their companions. A merrier party never met, and the house rang with their laughter and their chat-

"It is three minutes to ten," cried Clara suddenly, glancing at the clock.
"Good gracious! So it is! Now for our little tableau!" Ida pushed the champagne bottles obtrusively forward, in the direction of the door, and scattered oyster shells over the cloth.

"Have you your pipe, Charles?" "My pipe! Yes."

"Then please smoke it. Now don't argue about it, but do it, for you will ruin the effect otherwise," The large man drew out a red case.

and extracted a great yellow meer-schaum, out of which, a moment later, he was puffing thick wreaths of smoke Harold had lit a eigar, and both the girls had eigarettes. "That looks very nice and emanci-

pated," said Ida, glancing round. "Now I shall lie on this sofa. So! Now, Charles, just sit here and throw you arm carclessly over the back of the sofa. No, don't stop smoking. I like it. Clara, dear, put your feet upon the coalseuttle, and do try to look a little dissipated. I wish we could crown ourselves with flowers. There are some lettuces on the sideboard. Oh, dear, here he is! I hear his key." She began to sing in her high, fresh voice a little snatch from a French song, with a

swinging tra la-la chorus.

The doctor had walked home from the station in a peaceable and relent-ing frame of mind, feeling that, perhaps, he had said too much in the morning, that his daughters had for years been models in every way, and that, if there had been any change of late, it was, as they said themselves, on account of their anxiety to follow his advice and to imitate Mrs. Westmacott. He could see clearly enough now that that advice was unwise, and that a world peopled with Mrs. Westmacotts would not be a happy or a soothing one. It was he who was himself to blame, and he was grieved by thought that perhaps his hot words had troubled and saddened his two girls.

This fear, however, was soon dissi-pated. As he entered his hall he heard the voice of Ida uplifted in a rollicking ditty, and a very strong smell of to-bacco was borne to his nostrils. He threw open the dining-room door, and stood aghast at the scene which me his eyes.

The room was full of the blue wreaths of smoke, and the lamp-light shone through the thin haze upon goldtopped bottles, plates, napkins, and a litter of oyster shells and cigarettes. Ida, flushed and excited, was reclining upon a settee, a wine-glass at her elbow, and a cigarette between her fin-gers, while Charles Westmacott sat beside her, with his arm thrown over the head of the sofa, with the suggestion of a caress. On the other side of the room, Clara was lounging in an arm-chair, with Harold seated beside her, both smoking, and both with wine-glasses heside them. The doctor stood speechless in the doorway, staring at the Bac-What would you do, Ida? Oh, don't chanallan scene.

"Come in, papa! Def" cried Ida. 'Won't you have a glass of champagne?"

"Pray excuse me," said her father, coldly. "I feel that I am intruding. I did not know that you were entertaining. Perhaps you will kindly let me know when you have finished. You will find me in my study." He ignored the two young men completely, and, clos-ing the door, retired, deeply hurt and Zenana. Those were her words, were her words, were hour afterward he heard the door slam hour afterward he heard the door slam and his two girls came to announce that the guests were gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SQUIRREL IN A CAR. How a Boston Girl Startled Some Dig-

nifled People Out of Their Reserve.

A girl got into an open electric-car the other afternoon, stepped over the end man, past a fat woman with a bundle and squeezed down in the "fifth seat," and then the fun began, says the Boston Herald. Snuggled beneath her cape was a little chipmunk, which the girl had evidently rescued from its wild life among woodland trees and wayside

stonewalls, and was intent on taming. A trny chain had been fastened about the pretty creature's neck, and the girl held one end of it, while the captive took various runs on to her shoulder or over her lap to see what was happening in this strange, noisy world, so unlike the peaceful country he had left. "Pa-tience!" exclaimed the fat woman with the big bundle, "what's that?" and edged along, crushing the end man against the rail. The passengers on the left of the girl stopped gazing into the gutter, and also shrunk together as Master Chipmunk brandished his tall and peered at them from the friendly shoulder. "Is that a monkey or a rat?" inquired a woman of her neighbor. "No!" with scorn, "it's a squirrel. Oh! gracious, it's goin' to jump over here!" Then the girl cuddled the little beast under her chin and fondled it, as wicked girls will a dumb animal when they see their caresses nettle sensitive looker on, and the fat woman sniffed hard and the end man stepped off on the running board, and the passengers on the left no longer contemplated the gutter, but signaled the conductor to stop, and in less than three minutes after the girl and the chipmunk boarded that open car she had a cool breezy end seat. And it wasn't a game of bluff, either.

Horns of Reindeers.

It is a very common thing for a reindeer to have a horn broken off and it is very easily done. Indeed, by the middle of winter nearly every reindeer has lost one or both of its horns or fragments only are left.

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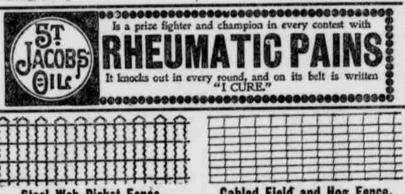
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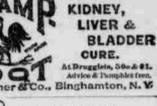
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